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W. R. HEARST.

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WEATHER—Showers in the morning, followed by fair weather; colder, northerly winds.

LET US
END
THE STRAIN.

It is evident that the final solution of the Cuban problem cannot be much longer delayed. Spain and the United States are like two express trains on converging tracks. Unless one will give the other the right of way a collision is inevitable. And neither seems at all inclined to do anything to avert the crash.

The pretended Spanish concessions are obviously mere devices to break the force of American public opinion and keep us from decisive action. Mr. Hanna Taylor, who watched over our interests at Madrid from the beginning of the Cuban revolution with such clear vision and such devoted patriotism, has warned us that genuine reforms are impossible, since Spaniards do not comprehend the meaning of colonial liberty. There is only one reform that will really be worth anything, and that is independence.

The signs are abundant that this Administration is beginning to recognize this fact. The curt interchange of notes that has just startled Madrid, the conference of Judge Day with the President yesterday, the visit of Consul-General Lee to the White House and the slump in stocks in Wall Street, all indicate the consciousness of an approaching clash. But since matters must be brought to an issue before long, why should the decision be delayed? Nobody believes that a collision with Spain, which would be called by courtesy a war, could have any serious effect on the permanent prosperity of the United States. It is the uncertainty, the vacillation, the delay, that is injuring business and depressing stocks.

The feeble Cuban policy of the Cleveland Administration was not only responsible for the loss of tens of thousands of lives, and for the almost total destruction of our Cuban trade, but it damaged the general business of the country to the extent of scores of millions of dollars. Saying nothing of the savage barbarities committed on helpless women and children with Mr. Cleveland's connivance, the mere pecuniary loss inflicted upon the United States by his drifting policy since the time when intervention became a duty has amounted to more than the cost of a war.

The Cleveland policy, with which President McKinley has not yet openly broken, has had these results:

It has caused the utter ruin of an island almost as large as the State of New York, and richer than any equal extent of territory in the Western Hemisphere.

It has been directly responsible for two years of warfare more inhuman than anything known among nominally civilized people since Alva ravaged the Netherlands.

It has destroyed an American trade of \$100,000,000 a year upon which a great part of the prosperity of our Atlantic and Gulf sea ports, and of the port of New York in particular, rests.

It has subjected our navy and revenue marine to the shame of serving as police to do the dirty work of suppressing freedom which Spain has been powerless to do, and in this humiliating occupation it has spent two million dollars belonging to the people of the United States.

It has kept the public mind in a state of feverish unrest, distracting its attention from its own domestic problems, and working it up to a condition of chronic exasperation most unfavorable to a healthy and comfortable national life.

It has kept the business world under a continual cloud of uncertainty, disturbed by incessant rumors of war, and at the mercy of unscrupulous speculators professing to have inside information of the intentions of our Government.

This intolerable state of things ought to end at once. Comptroller Eckels, to whom the earth is not a sphere, but a disk in the form of a large gold dollar, expresses the opinion that we ought not to allow ourselves to be disturbed by foreign complications, but should devote our attention exclusively to business. Unfortunately the American people differ from Mr. Eckels in possessing hearts and brains, as well as pockets. They cannot ignore their duties to their suffering brethren at their doors in order to give themselves up to making money. Hence as long as Spanish crimes in Cuba continue to cry to heaven business in America will have to suffer. The only way to end its suffering is to end the crimes.

Spain is diligently buying war ships and preparing to defy the United States. Why should we let her take her own time to attack us? Why should we not say at once: "Cuba must be free forthwith—is it peace or war?"

The many defective ballots cast in Greater New York—estimated roughly at 50,000, but not yet officially counted—have made many people, whose interest in politics is only that of the citizen desiring that every voter shall be enabled to register his will and have it noted, turn to conception of a voting machine as the next step in election reform. The complications of the so-called Australian ballot perplex voters of every class, and when split tickets are cast in great numbers the perplexities of the voters are shared by the canvassers.

It is necessary for every party or independent candidate to maintain at each polling place one or more "watchers" to elucidate the apparent intent of the voter and to guard against the stupidity or corruption of the canvassers as each ballot is offered to be counted. This fact alone shows how far the existing system of voting, though described as "reformed," falls short of perfection.

If there could be a machine which would leave no human—and therefore fallible—agent between the voter and the completed count the cause of honest elections would be in some degree advanced. That such a machine is practicable nobody familiar with the advance of mechanical skill, particularly in the domain of electricity, will doubt. But that such a machine is yet perfected the reported failure of the so-called Myers machines at Yonkers seems to indicate. Four of these are said to have broken down, and errors and contests naturally resulted.

Nevertheless the time will come when the voter may step into a booth, press buttons legibly la-

belled, and have every vote, whether straight or split, immediately recorded and automatically added.

NEW YORK'S
PROMISE
OF VICTORY.

Whence comes to the Democrats of the United States the most cheering note of triumph; whence the brightest promise of success in the years to come? There were national figures whose personal fortunes were involved in many State elections. In Maryland Arthur Pue Gorman, whose brilliant qualities as a leader are recognized wherever Democrats gather. In Massachusetts George Fred Williams, scholarly, eloquent, a frank exponent of the most advanced new Democracy. In Kentucky "Joe" Blackburn. In Nebraska William J. Bryan, the late Presidential nominee. The list might be extended, and yet everywhere, save in one State, we find either Democratic disaster or success so narrowly won as to be not inspiring nor promising for the future.

Here in New York no great national leaders figured prominently in the contest. A capable and hard working Judge stood for the one State office in issue, another occupant of the bench, little known even in local politics, was offered as candidate for the Mayoralty of Greater New York. Personal issues were nothing. Party success was everything. And out of a general desire to yield here and there mere individual prejudices to party good there sprang a complete harmony within the Democratic party which made success a foregone conclusion.

With a Democratic plurality exceeding 60,000 the State of New York may well speak to sister commonwealths in the nation. What has been accomplished here may be emulated elsewhere. The lesson taught by the victory in the Empire State is as applicable to California as to Illinois. In party harmony lies the secret of party success, and there should be a common plane on which may meet the Democrat of Maine and the Democrat of Texas as readily as there was found a meeting ground for the Democrat of Buffalo and the Democrat of Brooklyn.

With this significant victory in New York, assuring, as it does, if wise action be taken in 1900, the casting of the electoral votes of this State for the Democratic nominee, there should come an end to the talk within the party of ineradicable hostility to this State. New York is a Democratic factor to be reckoned with. Its party leaders make no arrogant claims to arbitrary power, but the rank and file of its party voters protest against a policy which sets them aside as useless in the battle against Republican aggression. New York is no doubtful State. It is aggressively Democratic. Only Democrats acting faithfully can make it otherwise.

The Journal again commends to hopeful Democrats in the nation shrewd consideration of the possibilities foreshadowed by the Democratic triumph here last Tuesday.

EX-MINISTER
TAYLOR'S
COURSE.

The maxim that a diplomat is one sent abroad to lie for his country has, we believe, never been successfully controverted, but it is rather a new thing to find the proposition pressed that the diplomat returning home should still continue the evasion, procrastination and equivocation which the needs of diplomatic procedure compel.

Many noisy Spaniards and a few carping and narrow-minded Americans have yelled at our ex-Minister to Spain, Hannis E. Taylor, for having in an article, written after his surrender of diplomatic station and printed in a New York magazine of serious character, expressed his opinion upon the Cuban question.

Mr. Taylor writes as a private citizen. As a diplomat he was cautious, alert, courageous. None of our representatives abroad excelled him in diplomatic qualities. Nowhere, to our recollection, has there been question of his sense of the proprieties of his position nor cavil at his way of maintaining its dignity.

That he has chosen to write of the things about which he knows, that as a simple American citizen he has put down where all may read his views upon the crime of the century, is not an indiscretion, it is the performance of a duty. Mr. Taylor has rounded out a diplomatic career of honor by performing as private citizen a positive service to the cause of liberty.

THE FALL
OF A
GREAT MAN.

Let us sigh for that Napoleon of theatrical managers who gave New York almost the one institution in the city too big for its environment. The master mind which conceived a theatre, a music hall, a "temple of vaudeville" and a roof garden all under one canopy was unequal to the task of filling all with paying visitors. And, indeed, why should there not have come a point at which the intellect capable of writing the words and music of an operetta in forty-eight hours, the hand competent to paint a whole set in a week, and the courage equal to defying every critic in the city and evading every writ which an army of clamorous creditors could issue, must fall? Truly great talent may be spread out too thin, and a soap bubble, however beautifully iridescent on every side, may yet be blown too full of wind.

NEW YORK'S
ESCAPE.

The people of New York have had a narrow escape. If they had given Mr. Patrick Jerome Gleason 260,000 more votes he would have been elected Mayor, and then we should have been subjected to the humiliation of having the Chief Magistrate of the metropolis of America indicted by a Grand Jury. It is true that Mr. Gleason says that there were eleven of his political enemies on the Grand Jury—we did not suppose that there were eleven men in Queens County who were not his loyal admirers—but while the indictment may have been only a political trick it would not have given the government of Greater New York an auspicious launch. It is just as well that we resisted the temptation to elect Mr. Gleason.

A
CRIMINAL
CONSUL.

Joseph A. Isigoi, who was so long the Turkish Consul in Boston, has been convicted of embezzling funds entrusted to his keeping upon twenty-one different counts charging that number of separate offences, for each of which there is a maximum penalty of five years' imprisonment.

The case illustrates the confiding manner in which people will leave their substance in the keeping of others without scrutiny as to the manner of

its use, and the ease with which they may be beguiled and swindled by plausible assurances.

Isigoi went on for years taking charge of trust funds and using them as if they were his own, and it was not until one large estate was utterly used up that exposure came. Then he tried to shield himself behind the claim that as the representative of a foreign government he was not subject to arrest; but though he was acting as the Consul of Turkey he was a native of Boston and an American citizen, and his preposterous claim was swept aside. He has been a "swell" at the Hub, but he stands a good chance of spending the rest of his days in prison.

A MONSTER
ON
TRIAL.

In the case of Constantine Steiger, alias Fritz Meyer, on trial for the murder of Policeman Smith, it is difficult to mention the presumption of innocence until guilt has been proven by evidence.

It is certain that he killed the officer while engaged in the felony of robbing a church, and that is murder in the first degree, with no chance of a plea of self-defence. He is already identified as the man who had previously killed the sexton of a church in the Eastern District of Brooklyn, and his past record seems to be black with brutality and crime.

The trial of such a monster is a necessary formality, with conviction and the death penalty as its sure termination. He seems to have been possessed of brutal instincts which drove him inevitably to cruelty and to crime.

According to modern theories of criminology he was "built that way" and couldn't help it, but that makes it no less the duty of society, in defence of its properly constituted members, to rid itself of such monsters. If they cannot resist their evil impulses, neither can they be cured, and there is no use for them in this world.

The conduct of Judge Van Wyck during the campaign goes to show that oratory is not always a vote maker.

Mr. Foraker's friends had their knives out, but they didn't cut deep enough to reach the Hanna vitals.

Tom Platt now realizes that there is a vast difference between after dinner talking and after election roasting.

The completed returns show that a great many voters signed the Low petitions to help out the petition peddlers.

It is none too early to venture the prediction that Mr. Low's resignation will not be accepted by Columbia College.

Mayor-elect Van Wyck is not a graduate of the school of politics which teaches the theory of taking advice of the enemy.

Assistant Secretary Roosevelt has reminded Governor Pierson that it is not good form to look a gift war vessel in the mouth.

The New Jersey woman who committed suicide rather than risk an operation evidently entertained a very poor opinion of modern surgery.

For a man who has had but little experience in meeting defeat Senator Gorman is taking a rather philosophical view of the piece of political treachery which overcame him Tuesday.

Mr. Hanna's personal Ohio organ is engaged in reading Mr. Platt out of the Republican party. It will be recalled that when the national delegate hunt was on last year Mr. Hanna expressed a rather poor opinion of Platt and Quay as politicians.

The Democratic Victory.

Presages a National Triumph.

There is great significance in this Democratic victory in Greater New York. It speaks of the vitality that the party yet has in the strongholds of the nation. The way New York goes so goes the Union. That has been the rule in the past and conditions have not so altered but that it will obtain in the future. A Democratic victory in the city of New York gives prestige to the party. It presages a national triumph, and therefore all true Democrats will rejoice in the election of Van Wyck—Nashville American.

Triumphant Democracy in 1900.

Again the Democratic party is disappointing the apostles of centralization who said that it was dead and who hoped that the way to their ends was to be made easy. Yesterday's returns show that in every close State the Democracy is as strong as ever. The issue was centralization, monopoly and government by trusts and syndicates. The result points to 1900—a victorious people and a triumphant Democratic party.—St. Louis Republic.

The Journal Won.

The New York Journal made a great fight for the election of Judge Van Wyck. Every statement and appeal had strength and vim, and its claim on the morning of the election that Van Wyck would get 100,000 plurality was not far from the truth of the returns.—Buffalo Evening News.

EDITORIALS BY THE PEOPLE.

Congratulations from an Old Republican.

To the Editor of the Journal: An old-time Republican, an enthusiastic friend and supporter of Mr. Lincoln, who said, "God must love the plain people, for He made so many of them," sends you congratulations on the result of last Tuesday's election and thanks for the splendid work done by the Journal in its accomplishment.

To Greater New York all hail! It declares that all municipal franchises shall be controlled by the city and the benefits here to the people, instead of to grasping corporations, as heretofore. This is not only a step, but a bound, to a nobler civilization. Being the greatest city on the Western Continent, it has set the pace to all others. As evolution is the order of nature, "evolutions" never go backward—"this will become the dominant policy of all the cities on this continent in the future, and its beneficial results will commend it to the cities of the Old World. Liberty enlightening the world is now truly the symbol of Greater New York. These noble words of Mayor-elect Van Wyck commend him to all lovers of justice, all patriotic men and women in the palace or hovel; "The efforts of trusts, of monopolies, of combinations, whether corporate or private, to control trade, choke competition and fleece the citizens by false high prices will be withstood and broken down." I am proud of Greater New York, the champion of justice, the herald of reform. RUBEN J. CARROLL, Lily Dale, N. Y.

"Journal"-ism and Democracy Advancing.

To the Editor of the Journal: Please accept congratulations on the noble fight you have made for the Journal in response to our inquiry how the lights were shining was duly received twenty minutes after sending message which shows that your claim of new journalism is well founded. We heartily thank you for the same. Long live the Journal, the only true Democratic newspaper in New York, is the wish of your many Berlinheim readers. Berlinheim, Pa., Nov. 3.

"Seven Up."

To the Editor of the Journal: Democracy was a death low. "It rained"—Tom Platt. And it seems that the tiger got high—Low—Jack and the game.

While others talk the Journal "calls the turn." F. J. ELBASTER, 622 East 146th street.

The Only Democratic Newspaper.

To the Editor of the Journal: Your telegram in response to our inquiry how the lights were shining was duly received twenty minutes after sending message which shows that your claim of new journalism is well founded. We heartily thank you for the same. Long live the Journal, the only true Democratic newspaper in New York, is the wish of your many Berlinheim readers. Berlinheim, Pa., Nov. 3.

The Sailor Boys
of Uncle Sam.

GENERAL SHERMAN, at the Washington Centennial banquet in the Metropolitan Opera House in April, 1890, amused his hearers very much during a speech by an account of a visit he had recently made to a modern naval ship. He gave a most whimsical description of the utter confusion produced in his mind by the bewildering multiplicity of pipes for steam, air and water, tubes for signalling, electricity for a dozen purposes, and strange arms and projectiles the like of which he declared he had never seen or heard of before, and hoped never to hear of or see again, for the thought of them gave him a headache.

Possibly the General, finding that he was making a great hit with his almost pathetic lament over the new-fangled contraption, overdid the picture a trifle—he was up to all the arts of the after-dinner speaker—and yet it is, perhaps, true that he was quite as confused by his experience as he said he was.

For, in truth, the first descent into the lower region of a modern war ship is likely to convince one that the business has been overdone; that there are too many engines, dynamos, pipes, wires and things generally. Certainly I thought so upon many visits to many ships—but I've changed my mind.

Recently it was my good fortune to be a guest at breakfast in the senior officers' ward room on the sea-going battle ship Iowa. In spite of my confusion of mind regarding them—possibly because of it—the mechanical contrivances of a war vessel have always fascinated me, and I accepted with delight the invitation of some of the officers to inspect the Iowa from the manhole leading to the bilge up to the conning tower. We were down in one of the main engine rooms when the remark was made that the maze of pipes and tubes and wires suggested the veins and arteries in a human body.

"Yes," said one of the ship's surgeons, who was in the party, "and they are as familiar to the officers and crew as the veins and arteries of the body are to a surgeon; more so, because they are studied daily by specialists who are acquainted generally with all the mechanism, but especially with certain parts with which they have to do."

That remark cleared the situation in my mind very much. There was a staff of officers prepared by years of study at Annapolis to understand these things, and drilled many more years in actual practice, and, of course, what confuses the stranger is really simplicity itself to them.

On the drill "ground," when Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt was on board one of the squadrons, the officer in command of the Iowa was told one night to have the bugle call sounded which would send the crew to quarters prepared to resist the attack of a torpedo boat. The crew knew nothing of this, and the officer only knew that a boat representing a torpedo boat would approach the ship from some undesignated direction.

Well, here is what happened: In forty seconds after the bugle sounded a sixty thousand candle power search light was sweeping the black sea and had located the enemy. In an incredibly short time the quick firing guns were cracking away, and in a few minutes had blown into splinters all of the enemy above the water. All this was done in answer to an unexpected night signal, without a hitch or mistake or confusion. Men flew to magazines, to engines, to ammunition hoists, to guns, to dynamos, to search lights, the ship was alive with its company of 500 men, and in the time it ordinarily takes a man to swing out of bed and get into slippers and bathe that good ship Iowa was in the thick of a fight.

Here is another thing that they did on that Iowa on the same cruise. With the ship steaming at eleven knots and rolling fifteen degrees, the 12-inch rifles were fired at a 12-foot target floating two miles away. Not only did every shot strike near enough to that mere dot of a target to count as a hit had a ship been there, but the target itself was actually struck.

We went into one of the 12-inch rifle turrets, the officer who has command of it not accompanying us, but sending a blue-jacket to show us the working. There was not a crank or screw or lever or bit of machinery of any kind that that able seaman—able indeed—did not operate for us, and he gave a graphic explanation of what everything he touched was for, why, and all about it.

That showed the kind of training the officers give the men—training that never ceases, always progresses.

But what you take the greatest pride in after all is not the guns, but "the men behind the guns." The officers of our navy who are to operate these great fighting machines are the finest lot of fellows in their profession the world over. Clear-eyed, clear-brained, handsome, manly men, eager in their work, in love with their ships, and praying for a fight to the last jolly far of them. EDWARD W. TOWNSEND.

A WESTERN INCIDENT.

"Yes," said Repeater Ike, of the Dead Man's Gulcherino, as he bit off three ounces of tobacco, "yes, I've had some narrow escapes. Only yesterday I come within one of belin' chewed up by a bar." "Is that so?" asked the man on the cracker box. "How did it happen, Ike?" "Wal, I was sleepin' in my tent, havin' took my boots off ter rest a bit, when a big black bugger come along and run me out. I didn't hev time to grab my gun, and I had to run fer it. Bar ketchin' up with me in erabout a minute, though, an' I got ready to go to kingdom come. But he took one look at my feet, and then he walked off. 'I ain't no cannibal,' I heard him say as he lit into the woods.

"You see, gents, I was in my bare feet." And the man on the cracker box was the only one who caught on.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

The Merry Jester.

"Tenors are queer creatures," said Aubrey Pipers. "What is the matter with the tenors?" asked the musical leader, sharply. "I saw one last night who was singing soft airs and breathing hard."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Small Boy—Say, mister, your tire's flat. Mr. Barnes, the eminent tragedian—"Death, 'tis even so. Methought I heard a hissing, but deemed it not worthy of attention."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I've been looking at the chainless bicycle and I don't see how it can possibly become popular." "Why so?" "There's no way of telling at a glance whether it is highly geared or not."—Chicago News.

Library Assistant—Man come in awhile ago and asked for "The Plutocrat of the Breakfast Table." Manager—What did you do for him? "Told him to write to Haverley about it."—Indianapolis Journal.

As Told Over
the Tea-Cups.

"I AM awfully glad to see you," cried the Titan-haired young woman, as she rose to receive her guest; "what an age it is, since I saw you!" "It has been some time," admitted the young woman in the seal blouse, "but you do live so far away from everybody."

"I—I like the scenery about here," said the Titan-haired young woman, gallantly. "Oh, do you? I hadn't noticed any. And you don't keep a carriage, do you? Now, my husband is so good that he would never let me do without one."

"Yes, this year. I married for love, you know, dear."

"Of course. So did I; but I loved a rich man. He!"

"Yes; do tell me about his health. At his age, it!"

"Is a very important matter. Yes, isn't it? What if I were left a young widow with all that money?"

"Oh, well, dear, it wouldn't be as bad as if you were a very young widow. Ah, you have no idea how good my husband is to me. If he were taken from me I should just die, too!"

"Yes? Well, it might be hard for you to find another—like him, I mean."

"Certainly—I understand. I remember how much you always admired him—especially the winter before we were engaged."

"Did I? Really, there were always so many young men about me that I forgot. Did I show you the diamond ring my husband gave me yesterday? You have no idea how lovely jewels I have. My diamonds—I hope I don't make you feel badly by talking about them. By the way, come and lunch with me on Thursday, I shall be quite alone then and can show them to you."

"Thanks, dear. I'll try. But!"

"Yes, and, really, you must not feel badly because I have so many. No doubt you are quite happy without them."

"Not quite, dear. You see, I have just been robbed of all my jewels and the thought of them makes me feel quite badly."

"I am sure of it. How awful! Do tell me all about it. Had you many diamonds?"

"Ah, not many, dear; but my pearls—I was always fond of pearls, you know. It gave me such a shock."

"Why, your poor thing! It is no wonder. Really, now that I notice it, your house is quite nice. I suppose your husband is worth more money than people think. By the way, don't come to lunch on Thursday, come next Tuesday instead. I am giving a luncheon then, and shall be pleased to have you meet my friends."

"Thanks, awfully, dear. I should like to come, but a previous engagement!"

"What a pity. Mrs. Van Adam is to be there, too. The!"

"Well, since you are so anxious, I shall break my engagement and come. But to think that I haven't a single jewel to wear! It is simply heartbreaking."

"Oh, never mind, you can tell us all about this burglary; you will be quite a heroine. Why didn't you keep such jewels in bank, anyhow? It was very careless of you. How did the burglars get in? Were there many of them, and did they chloroform you?"

"No, no. We—I think the cook was at the bottom of it. I had discharged her, and—"

"Oh, I see! She let the burglars in out of revenge. To think of your lovely pearls! Do describe them to me."

"I can't. It—it makes me ill to talk of them."

"Very true, but perhaps you will get them back and I shall see them. Of course your husband has detectives hunting the criminals?"

"Oh, yes. But let us talk of something else. Do let me give you a cup of tea."

"Thanks. It may help you keep such jewels in bank, anyhow? It was very careless of you. How did the burglars get in? Were there many of them, and did they chloroform you?"

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The Brevetting of
Colonel Carson.

"NO, SAH," said the Colonel, with a judicial matching together of his finger tips, "I cannot admit, sah, that Cunnel Henry Wattahson's late decision to throw the support of his papah, the Louisville Courier-Journal, to the Silvah Democracy may fairly be construed as a 'top'."

"'Flopp' is an ugly word, gentlemen, an' one which I should not kah to apply to any gentleman's change of attitude, unless I meant to insult him, sah, and was prepared to hold myself p'nsionally responsible for my language."

"Cunnel Wattahson is a gentleman, sah, a Kaintucky gentleman, an' as such I reckon he has the moral courage to change his mind on any subject whatever, sah, when argument or research on the signs of popular desire have demonstrated to his satisfaction the fallacy of any position he may have held."

"An' speakin' of this hyah quality of Cunnel's, I am reminded of an incident—very pleasant nachah which demonst'rates the large-mindedness an' unselfishness that great men whose talents an' i'sperity shew'n in divahs ways, sah, made us Kaintuckians proud to call him 'Fride of Onah State.'"

"It was at the annual dinner of the tucky Club, some seven years ago, occurred. The dinner was given in the banquet hall of the Pendennis Ch Louisville, an' beside mo'h'n two hu of the best men in Kaintucky, some seven gentlemen from othah States present as guests of honor."

"Among 'em was a young man I'm cago named James B. Cahson. Jimmie Cahson ev'body who knew him called him. He was the son of ole General John B. Cahson, president of the N'Albany Railroad, an' a damn dune man himself. This hyah Jimmie Cahson had only recently come to oah city as superintendent of the Louisville Southern Railway, an' none of us hadn't come to know him much befo' that dinner. He was a quiet sort of a gentleman, who sat down at the end of the table an' took his f'leker fah'n an' unostentatiously with white-knuck Kaintucky gentleman asked him 'om time to time."

"Nobody to have looked at that tnah young Jimmie Cahson would have suspected that he was a mediatin' oratory, oh that he was destined to become the recipient of a mighty hyah honor that night."